

the innis herald



November 2003 - Vol. 39, Issue 2

INSIDE

Arts & Entertainment:
Elliott Smith Remembered;
Original Poetry; New Re-
views; "How to Become..."
continues

Community:
Anti-Uniform Behaviour returns;
ENSU Members Recount their
Adventures; ICSS Updates

The 2002 - 2003 Innis Herald

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community

ICSS Report

by Dan Cohen

Activities:

By the time this comes out, Halloween Pub Night will have already happened. So I'm gonna assume it was a success and that everyone had a great time, especially when that kid puked all over ICSS President Brook McWilliams.

The ICSS Pizza Night was a huge success with lots of people coming out. It was good to have that sort of support for the first ICSS event of the year.

The Formal Committee meeting was also a big success, with a double-digit turnout. The Innis Formal is the biggest ICSS event of the year, and it looks like it should be great this year with the amount of people excited about planning it, and with the Royal York booked.

Innis College Secret Society Lounge:

It should be *Student* Society Lounge, but sometimes it feels like a secret society with no one ever coming to use the lounge.

Over the summer Innis put up some money to transform the ICSS office into a lounge with leather couches, in hopes that students would drop by and hang out between classes, instead of sitting in the Innis pit.

So far, the turnout has been lackluster, but if you're reading this, come on by when you have time to kill. There's a stereo, a futon, and it's less crowded than the pit.

First Year Reps:

Congrats to Leonard Elias and Calvin Lo, the new first year reps on ICSS. The number of candidates this year was unprecedented, with 7 people running for 2 positions. The turnout was also large with over 150 people voting.

This space for rent.

Sussex and St. George, Small but comfortable.
Furnished, but bring your own ideas.

Sorry, no pets.

Write for Herald. Draw for Herald.

Deadline for next issue: **November 17th**

Please send all submissions to heraldeditors@yahoo.com

community

Anti-Uniform Behaviour

It is possible to wear a uniform without sport a tie or kilt. With the monotony of classes and the incessant drone that the mingling thoughts of homework and escape produce in your psyche, often it is easier to hide behind the standard shirt and coat than to strike out on your own. Obviously it is not possible to step out from the fashion plate of a stocked closet every day – either for lack of energy, not enough obsessions and/or the absence of a personal dry cleaner – but it is possible to sometimes shed the precepts of society with a change of dress.

This section means no disrespect to those people who choose to follow the beaten path of fashion for whatever reasons. But they shouldn't expect to be included here. In fact, they should expect to wake up, take notes, and hope that our fashion prowlers happen upon them in and around Innis College.

Here are the highlights from the last few weeks' scouting.

Name: Joshua Nicholas
Pineda

Program: 3rd year,
Philosophy and English
Double-Major

**One (or more) Words to
Describe your Style:** Happy,
ambient noise

**Favourite Item that you
have with you:** The Innis
Herald since what's more
stylish an accessory than the
Innis Herald?

Recommended Shop: *Black
Market* because t-shirts are
cheap and my Mom doesn't
yell too much about them.
And the only thing that's more
stylish than the Innis Herald is
a happy mom and a nice t-
shirt.



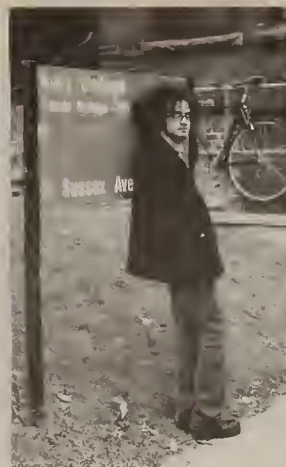
Name: Meaghan Collins

Program: 1st year, Arts and
Science, probably English next
year.

**One word (or more) to
describe your style:** Eclectic,
alternative, classy Audrey
Hepburn-ish

**Favourite item you have
with you:** My shoes because
they're cute and comfortable.

Recommended Store:
Groovy on Queen Street West
because I do love shoes and it
fits with my love of Queen
Street.



Name: Dave Hayes

Program: 5th year, History and Geography

One word to describe your style: Asinine

Favourite item that you have with you: Black-and-red lighter because it helps
fuel my pyromania.

Favourite shop: I like the discount rack at *Urban Outfitters*. Although, this is a
fair warning that everyone should pay attention to: Don't buy BDg jeans. They're
expensive, bad quality and overall not worth the money!

Name: Joel Elliot

Program: 2nd year, Film Specialist

**One (or more) words to describe
your style:** Ignorant

Favourite Item: These pants because
girls think they're hot.

Favourite Store: *Planet Aid* is the
best place to shop because the clothes
are cheap, all the money taken in is
going to a good cause, there's no tax,
and they showcase various bizarre
styles.

community

ENSU Adventures in Montreal

by Matt Niedzielski

The weekend of Oct 3rd to 5th was a time of hope, determination, and scheming, along with some drinking, partying, and falling asleep in strangers' houses. This was the weekend when eleven University of Toronto students attended the *Sierra Youth Coalition's* Sustainable Campuses Conference at McGill University. Francesca Daniels, Juan Davila and I attended representing ENSU, the Environmental Students' Union. Other students included Monica Samec from Engineers Without Borders, and Maneesh Poddar from the Victoria University Environment Society. The rest were a group of girls who were SAC representatives from UTM.

The conference was an invitation to all university students across Canada and from the United States to spend a weekend together learning about environmental issues and how we can create better, more eco-friendly campuses upon our return home. It came as a surprise to some of us that many of the American students were actually the workshop presenters. This was definitely a wake up call for the student activists at our Canadian schools to get their act together.



The conference was organized into several workshops per day and a few social events. It was all very well-planned, and, true to its mandate, very sustainable. The organizers were true to their efforts at eco-friendliness as they provided vegetarian meals, reusable plates and utensils, and limited the amount of resources used in the workshops.

To our surprise, the five of us U of T students had a generous benefactor by the name of Professor Phil Byer. Undoubtedly, we were overjoyed as this meant a free weekend in Montreal for us since we were either all billeting or staying at the houses of friends.



One of our first workshops was a general getting-to-know-you event. The topic was oppression. It was set up to discuss what constitutes oppression, something that we all have experienced in one form or another. Some acting was involved to try out different strategies of dealing with the oppressive "friend."

As the day progressed, we moved through various workshops which were grouped into themes ranging from school initiatives to methods of successfully executing student lead projects. My focus was on attending workshops that would help me start up my own campus project, i.e. an environmentally-focused magazine. With this goal in mind, I sat in for lessons on leadership, management, and strategies for social change workshops. Another ENSU-er focused on the physical aspect of campus sustainability and accordingly attended workshops that gave tours of sustainable housing in Montreal, recycling facilities, and even how to build your own vermi-compost from recycled materials.

One of the highlights of the weekend for me was Sunday morning's conference on creating regional and national networks of environment students. Here we put together ideas of how universities across the country can work together to build a sustainability network. The idea is that each student-run project will have a larger group of willing participants to push various ideas of eco-friendliness to their respective school governing council. It was actually quite surprising as to how much substance this network actually attained over the span of a few hours.

The organizers first split us up into

regional groups, i.e. Ontario, Quebec, the rest of Western Canada, and the Maritimes. Each group brainstormed ideas on how to deal with the most pressing issues in their regions. The Ontario students used their time slightly differently. We quickly went through a list of initiatives, such as university purchasing policy, and other campus ideas. Once that was out of the way, we brainstormed ways to actually implement these ideas. The result was to have an Ontario listserv of all students who attended and their respective organizations. Additionally, we decided that there needed to be a sustainability office at each campus, headed by a *SYC* representative, who would act as the liaison between *SYC*, the university, and the students.

After our regional meetings we all came together and presented our ideas to the other regions. Everybody took note of all ideas and we focused on what needed to be done first. Ontario's network idea was judged the best first step. Not long after we came home, all of us received an e-mail asking for confirmation if we wanted to be added to the regional *SYC* "sustainability" listserv.

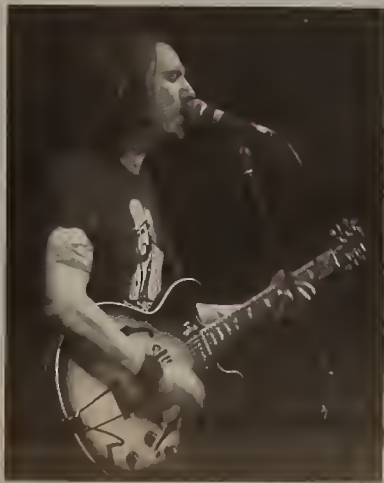
Overall, the experience was well worth the six-hour drive there. There was a definite sense of hope in the air as we realized that there are others like us who make environmentalism a part of life. No matter what our different reasons were for attending the conference, it's safe to assume that we all got what we went for, and more. For those wishing to attend future *SYC* conferences are encouraged to visit www.syc-cjs.org and sign up for next year's conference which will be held in the Prairies. Those who can't make it and have a few years to wait can attend a possible U of T hosting of the conference in 2005.

More Songs About Kids on Drugs in Buildings, Without Food

by Ryan Mercer

(This article was originally supposed to be humorous, but when I sat down to type, I was met with an instant message from a college DJ friend detailing the suicide of Elliott Smith, whom I consider to be the only vital male in the singer-songwriter genre throughout the past decade.

Despite my personal sadness regarding Smith's death, I do not wish to romanticize suicide or add to the troubled rock-star myth of dying young and leaving a drug-ravaged corpse. I was blessed with the opportunity of seeing Elliott play in New Jersey but four months ago, and he looked sickly and confused. However, his performance was still strikingly beautiful, and that, as well as the following, are the memories I wish to keep).



ing? Remember how that reminded you of when your mom cried at the end of Good Will Hunting, where Matt Damon drives down the highway and that bittersweet folk/pop song plays over the credits? And remember how, because she cries all the

time, you wouldn't let her watch the scene in the Royal Tenenbaums where Luke Wilson's character attempts suicide to that breathy voice multi-tracked over-acoustic guitar? Elliott Smith makes your mom cry, and is integral to key scenes in these three critically acclaimed films. Oh, and give your mom a break... I know a guy who cried at all of those movies too, but I'm not allowed to disclose his name, because he's actually super-tough and cool and would probably beat me up.

1. On May 20th, 1998, Elliott Smith played the first of two sold-out shows at the Troubadour in Hollywood, California. Buzz surrounding possible major-label interest in Smith reached a peak as VIP attendees were ushered to the anti-VIP corners of the venue: In this corner, Mr. Paul Simon, in the opposite corner, Mr. Marilyn Manson. Two desperately distinct icons of popular American music stood in cramped corners to watch a toque-adorned folkie who, at this point, was still crashing on a friend's couch. Until this night, the only common interests shared between Paul Simon and Marilyn Manson were oxygen and money. After a two hour solo set, Elliott Smith became bonding point number three.

2. Smith played guitar/secondary vocals with the seminal queercore band Heatmiser from 1992-97, despite not being gay. This might not seem particularly remarkable, except that any band playing music even resembling punk rock (a la Heatmiser) extolling the homosexual lifestyle would most likely face some dissent in the Pacific Northwest today, never mind a decade ago. Smith was a pioneer in a musical sub-genre of which technically he was not a part, a display of quiet courage oft unrecognized.

3. Quick, check your DVD collection. Chances are fairly good that Elliott Smith sings in one of your favorite films. Remember the paper bag scene at the end of American Beauty, when that *capella* Beatles track came on and your mom started cry-

4. Are you a girl? Did you attend high school in North America? Congratulations, you already own some Elliott, possibly buried in your closet. No really, go check. Remember that guy who did those really abstract finger paintings in grade eleven, and you told him they were "different," but in a kind way, and so he made you that mix tape with the hand-written track list? Last track, side one is Elliott Smith. Dust the tape off, queue up the song, and give that guy a call. There will never be a better time.

5. If you've read this far, do yourself a favour and seal the deal. Everything you need to know about Elliott Smith (at least, all that he was willing to tell) can be found in .mp3 format. "Eliot Smith- Happiness acoustic" (yes, spelling mistake included) is an absolutely stunning solo demo recorded so early the song had yet to be named. If you can't find it on a peer-to-peer program, email me (ryan.mercer@utoronto.ca) and I will try to send you a copy... I really don't think he would mind. Turning on the radio makes his death all the more relevant... what the world needs now is peace, love, and Elliott Smith. Right now, I'd settle for just the latter.

Hugs not drugs (no irony intended).

Uniting the Right

Why the Canadian Alliance/
Progressive Conservative
marriage is headed
to divorce.

by Dan Cohen

Until October the Liberals under Paul Martin were on track to an overwhelming majority government, and on track to maintain their stranglehold over Canadian politics that has already lasted 3 terms, and 10 years. Then, the Progressive Conservatives and Canadian Alliance struck a deal, and created a hope that the new party they would form could fight the big red machine.

It's no surprise that a deal was struck. With Paul Martin's credibility among big business, combined with the Liberals support among Welfare State boosters, it looked like the death knell was about to ring for the Progressive Conservatives. In short, it looked like they were heading for a loss that would rival the party's collapse in the 1993 election, which left them with two seats.

The Canadian Alliance, which has struggled spreading east of the prairies, was a willing partner, desperately needing the PC's credibility in the east. In the last election they only received one seat east of Manitoba, partly because their vote was split with the PC's and, also, partly because people in the east viewed them as a party that caters to Western [-Canadian - I don't think it's necessary to insert Canadian, we can assume the reader will understand that] views.

Anticipating that the new party will unite the voters of the right and create a viable national alternative to the Liberals, optimism is on the rise throughout Canada's right. Unfortunately, this marriage, under close examination, is not one built to last.

The two parties are different on two fundamental fronts. The Tories are brokerage politicians. They look at the desires of the public, and cater to those desires within a flexible framework of an economically right-wing ideology.

In stark contrast, the Alliance is an ideologically based party. Its members want less government intervention, resent Quebec's desire to be seen as a unique party in Canada, and are socially conservative. The Alliance is not a party that will change its reality to reflect the desires of the public.

So, what happens when a brokerage politician and an ideologue meet? In general, it is not a good combination. The ideologue will accuse the brokerage politician of selling out the party's platform, while the brokerage politician will see the ideologue as close-minded. One has to wonder what will happen when these two groups of brokers and ideologues come together to create a platform to present to Canada.

Pictures of Him

A Short Epitaph for Elliott

When I heard the news of Elliott Smith's violent suicide, I was shocked. After the initial delirium wore off, as well as the surprise that it was so hard to find actual news coverage of the event to verify it wasn't a hoax, the next thing I thought was, "And now he's truly become Nick Drake".

For those of you who prefer your music modest, Nick Drake was a tall, reedy Englishman who recorded three albums before overdosing on anti-depressants in the 1970s. His music is sensitive, well-thought-out, and rabidly salivated over by a cult of listeners that sprung up mostly after his death. In fact, although he was relatively well-known in his lifetime, Drake achieved that certain martyrdom that other cultural icons hold because of their premature deaths; examples of this kind of longing for a dead man's potential and wishfulness for answers to the unanswerable "what could have been?" span politics to history to literature and back to music again. I am thinking, of course, of Evita, Virginia Woolf, Kurt Cobain, Drake, and now of Elliott Smith.

Elliott Smith committed suicide by allegedly stabbing himself in the chest on October 21st. He was discovered the next day by a friend, rushed to the hospital, and proclaimed dead one hour later. Always elusive, his very private persona spurned rumours of drug addiction and psychological disorders that Smith never really cared to address in his lifetime; instead, he used his mystery to stay grounded, true to his fans and friends, and always with his defiant punk air underlying his folk ballads.

Bom Steven Paul (Elliott) Smith on 6 August, 1969, the prolific

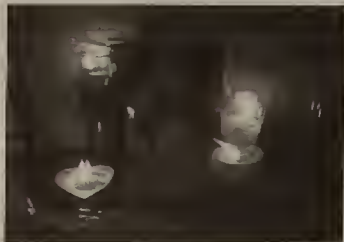
songwriter spent his childhood near Dallas Texas. He began his musical training at the tender age of 9 years old, going so far as to win a local award for original composition by age ten. When he was in his second year of high school,

Elliott relocated to Portland, Oregon where he became a National Merit Scholar and joined the band, Stranger Than Fiction until 1987. Elliott later attended Hampshire College in Amherst, Massachusetts, where he majored in philosophy and political science. During his time at Hampshire, Elliott, known then as Elliott Stillwater-Rotter, co-founded the band, A Murder of Crows. He later became a member of well-known independent band, Heatmiser. During this time, Elliott released his first solo record, Roman Candle (1994). It was, however, his second, self-titled debut on Kill Rock Stars (1995) that earned him a reputation as a modern Drake.

The brilliant "Either/Or" was released in 1994 and it caught the attention of the film director, Gus Van Sant. Immediately taken with Elliott, Van Sant included several of the songs from Either/Or, as well as some specially commissioned music, for his movie Good Will Hunting. The amazing thing about this collaboration was that Elliott's music was used to fill in gaps in the film's dialogue. It served as, literally, the sound of silence. This otherworldly beauty

would return fans again and again to Elliott, and followed him throughout

his career. There were two major consequences of the success of Good Will Hunting: first, Smith got noticed in a big way and inked a deal with



Dreamworks Records to release his next two albums, XO (1998) and Figure 8 (2000); and the second was Elliott's appearance at the Academy Awards. His performance of the nominated Smith original from the movie, Miss Misery, was one of the most amazing episodes in the narrative of Oscar. Elliott gamely dressed up in a white suit and posed for pictures with fellow nominee Celine Dion, and yet he still turned in a uniquely Smith performance. Following the big productions and over-the-top stylings of the aforementioned Quebecois diva, Elliott chose only a stool as his prop and only his guitar as his backing band. He then half-sung, half-muttered his rather pop-ish ditty in silhouette lighting and shell-shocked the audience with his underwhelming self. It was a perfect usurping of the traditional musical hierarchy by playing along with the game but simultaneously defying its conventions and flaunting its taboos.

With his latter work moving away from the stark, intimate portrait of his earlier catalogue towards better-production and snazzier loops, Elliott was arguably poised to break through to the mainstream with his

more pop-oriented talent. Furthermore, it is impossible to even remotely argue that widespread fame was one of his goals because it was universally agreed that no matter how big Elliott got, he never forgot his friends, his fans, or his roots and commitment to quality songwriting. In fact, it is worthwhile to mention that Elliott adopted one of his fan's websites, *sweetadeline.net*, as his official homepage and is the only artist I know of who has made such a gesture. The timing of Elliott's death with his potential breakthrough to the mainstream also goes to show that there is so much more to happiness than the prospect of fame and fortune. At the time of his death, Elliott was recording his sixth album, From A Basement On The Hill.

Elliott is survived by a host of family, friends and fans.

Despite his varying style, Elliott always maintained that vintage Smith sound of short, beautiful songs – which is, in a way, an excellent tribute to his life lived. In the end, his portfolio will stand alone as the best eulogy to its author, far better than this lament could ever attempt. We can only hope that he will find the peace in death that eluded him in life, and can only thank him for the music. If we continue listening to his work, then his spirit will survive and perhaps influence another musician to continue the legacy started by Nick Drake. We will be listening closely...and waiting.

Editor Stephanie Silverman is coming to terms with the death of one of her favourite songwriters and invites readers to send in eulogies to any of the great musicians who have recently departed.

Three Lies About Iraq

George Bush and his administration drove the United States to war with Iraq on a wave of deception unprecedented in American history. On the eve of battle, President Bush said war was required because of Saddam Hussein's connection to "...the terrorist attacks that occurred on September 11, 2001." Now Bush admits "we've had no evidence" of such a connection. Dick Cheney charged that Saddam "has reconstituted nuclear weapons." Now Cheney admits: "I did mis-speak."

Donald Rumsfeld claimed, regarding weapons of mass destruction: "We know where they are. They are in the area around Tikrit and Baghdad..." Now,

Rumsfeld maintains he "never believed" that they would be found quickly.

These deceptions all have a price, and we are paying it. Billions of dollars have been wasted. International alliances have been shattered. And yet the Administration shamelessly offers up new deceptions: The war is going fine and there are enough troops. There are just pockets of resistance that will easily fall if the requested \$87 billion more in aid is offered up. The Bush Administration must be held accountable and should be forced to come clean with the truth and offers a realistic plan for meeting the costs before any support (whether diplomatic or financial) is given.

Idea Machine

Michele Costa

Remember prom, searching for the perfect dress? With an idea in your head of exactly what it would look like and how magical and princess-like it would make you, with images of champagne, disco lights and swirling layers of taffeta dancing in your head as you sort through the racks at Fairweather, in direct competition with the other 20 high school girls there reaching for the countless black dresses with slightly different straps. Remember how you finally just settled on a dress... it wasn't perfect, but it was nice, and you were sure you'd have a nice time. AND THEN, 3 days before prom, with your shoes/ handbag/makeup/ handsome date picked out to match dress #1 perfectly, while you're at the mall for non-prom related reasons you see it...the perfect dress! The one from your imagination, in real life, AND

35% OFF!!! Remember how you had to rush to return dress #1, laughing at how it SO didn't swirl with taffeta OR have the perfect amount of sparkle to reflect the disco light, how it was so completely not a match for the superior, fantasy dreamlike dress #2, how it wasn't even fit to be the lining of the purse that you ALSO FOUND ON SALE that matches dress #2 perfectly. REMEMBER? Well...even if you don't, I'm sure you can relate, if you just follow where I'm going with this complicated analogy.

You see, I've realized recently how almost all of my success as a fine art student in university is based on my ability to be able to over and over again, somehow come up with great, unique and feasible ideas. Not only that, but I must come up with them in specified, usually SHORT, time frames. Here is an example of such pressure:

Prof: "Here students, is your assignment. It is due in 2 weeks, and requires that you somehow, in the midst of your studying for midterms in other classes, doing 800 pages of reading each week, and managing to find enough money to pay rent AND buy fashionable shoes, to come up with the greatest idea that I have ever seen. You must realize that since this class has only 20 students, each of your ideas will be carefully monitored by not only I, but all of your classmates, who will probably chal-

lenge your ideas, mock your ideas, and quite possible have a much better idea of their own, which they will proudly display just moments after you've pathetically stopped talking about your silly little tangent of non-art."

Well perhaps I added a word or two, but really that's how it is. SO, then I am left panicked, unable to sleep, constantly scanning my brain to locate the brilliant idea which I KNOW is in there...just like the dress was there, somewhere, if I'd just looked harder. I try everything.

First comes abstract brainstorming, working on fragments of ideas you abandoned in the past, working with a theme that connects from your last brilliant idea, then wondering if you can get away with just 'responding' to someone else's



ideas and pulling it off as a separate, brilliant NEW idea. (Hey, that's what art is now, isn't it?)

Then, when that doesn't work, you try associations...with EVERYTHING. For example "Hey, that guy there has a red shirt on...maybe I'll work with RED. I'll just paint something BIG and RED...yeah; red is passion, it's fire, it's anger and pain! RED IS ART!!" You're thrilled for about 30 seconds until you realize how lame that is.

Next comes the humour-based idea. "Hey guys wouldn't it be sooo funny if I just did (insert funny unreasonable idea) for my project?" and then...wait...maybe I WILL do that! Yes, I will! It's hilarious, and brilliant! This phase can sometimes last more than 30 seconds, sometimes you roll with it for a while, mostly because it's fun to tell people your new wacky idea, you crazy art student you. And then you realize that getting 9 gallons of glue and a large goat by Tuesday at 10 am is probably not going to happen.

So then you go to the last resort ideas, those that are typical, but can sometimes be pulled off, as long as they're quality. Ideas which require no real creativity, because you hope for the "well, it's nothing new, but it's certainly well done" vote. Usually though, you've left this too long and the chances of the "but it's certainly well done" part of that statement being

present come critique time are slim.

So you essentially give up, you just stop thinking about it. You finally sleep, accepting that you are an art failure and you should just go to OCAD where they're more familiar with your kind. You sleep. AND THEN YOU AWAKE...where's a pen, quick? You've got it! The perfect idea! It's brilliant, it's interesting, and you can manage it in your time frame. AND THE LAYERS OF TAFFETA SWIRL! You are your own personal

prom queen! You pull it off, its excellent, people shower you with praise and you relax, confident in your own little idea machine, working somewhere in there. It works out like this almost every time.

Then, of course, once in a while it doesn't. You wake up on the morning of the due date, confused. Is the idea machine broken? And then you're forced to come up with an idea wholly based on your very lack of an idea. Yes...exactly.

A Letter to Ernie Eves

October 18, 2003
Office of the Premier
Legislative Building, Queen's Park
Toronto, ON M7A 1A1

Dear Mr. Eves,

Before you leave Queen's Park, I would just like to thank you and your government for a few things you have done since the beginning of the "Common Sense Revolution".

Thank you for raising my tuition and allowing me to incur a huge debt. Although I am enjoying my studies at the University of Toronto specializing in Environmental Studies, I cannot help but think about what kind of future I will have, how I will pay off my debts, and what kind of job will be out there for me. Granted, I am unsure as to what kind of career I would like to pursue once my studies are done: (perhaps a Master's degree and further debt), (is a Master's degree a further career?) however what I've come to realize is that the kind of job I will have is not as important as repaying my loans upon graduation.

Aside from tuition, it should also be mentioned that the policy of the Progressive Conservative party has been a role model for a blueprint of the environmental destruction happening on some of the most pristine lands in all of Canada, such as the Oak Ridges Moraine. It is unfortunate that you have put the environment extremely low on your list of priorities. If you think about it, Mr. Eves, without our natural environment, Ontario will have nothing and will suffer horribly in the end (not that we haven't already begun to feel the pain). Perhaps spending the amount of hours you do in your office leading the provincial government has led you to forget how beautiful our province really is.

Now, before I return to my homework, I must thank you for the cutbacks to our health care system.

(how about something like, "I am sure you are well aware of the horribly overworked, dreadfully underpaid staff in our hospital system. I lost my uncle recently due to brain damage resulting from his medical staff leaving him unattended. I am not angry with the staff, as they were stretched to their limits, but I do blame your government's decisions on spending for the problem existing in the first place. To be more precise, I am upset and frustrated that the province, which contributes greatly to the national economy, cannot look after its local residents.") Due to the lack of staff that are horribly understatement), I unfortunately lost my uncle during the recent SARS outbreak. He did not have SARS, but because the medical staff was stretched to their limits, he was left unattended, suffered severe brain damage and died, years before he was done living. I am not angry with the hospital staff, for they were experiencing the impact of your government's decisions. To be more precise, I am upset and frustrated that the province, which provides a large contribution to the country's economy, cannot even begin to look after its own residents

As you begin your next journey in life, I wish you luck in your future endeavours. I hope that you never have to carry the burden of paying off tuition-related debts and never have to suffer the loss of a loved one who died in-hospital. Finally, I hope that you never forget how beautiful Ontario really is when the sounds of its wildlife are echoing among the trees, resplendent in full colour.

Yours, in over \$25,000 debt,
JACQUELINE CANTON
ENSU Executive Member

cc: Dalton McGuinty, Premier Elect

ARTS AND en



photo: *Shutter* -Emily Anne Mcleod

even the scavenger call of gulls
calls to me through the open door
beckoning reawakened appetites
for halfeaten donuts
and fulltaken freedom

to soar

- Olaf Brave

in remembrance by Courtney walker

Welcome to your funeral.

The wood paneling does justice to your soul and your financial situation at the time.

The low ceilings suffocate the tears and the room isn't half full.

The organ music sounds like a tape deck.

The eloquent son eulogizes. (tries to tell us who you were)

The sincerity is lost in waves of touched by an angel tears and

The black and white pictures get blurry when you're viewing them
through a haze of surreality.

So let's bury you nana;

and as I touched the wrong side of the gravestone at least I cried a little.

let's get held tight by someone who looks like dad and seems out of place.

Let the October rain drip against my nine-year old raincoat.

why do you understand exactly how I feel? Because staples on a ribbon don't do justice
to what a great card player you were.

I'm sorry...ashes to what?

I couldn't hear you over the roar of the transport trucks.

I'm still touching the wrong side of the stone.

I'm still letting the October rain drip against my nine-year old raincoat.

In the name of some ornately decorated Jesus. Amen.

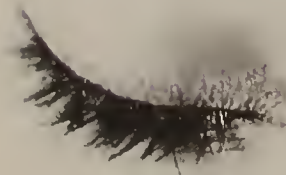


photo: *Possibilities*
Emily Anne Mcleod

entertainment

Down to the Filter (part 2)

Jared Bryer's story continues...

Under the streetlights, we walked shoulder to shoulder towards the subway station. Jason and Brian begin another debate about their musical tastes. I always made it a point to stay out of their arguments, not just because I had a limited knowledge of music, but also because watching the two of them fight was better than anything on television.

"You have no concept of music at all if you think that the Green Album was good. It was crap, and you're insane." It was the kind of forceful point that Jason always made when he argued about anything; start by undermining the other person's opinion, state his position in as few words as possible, and then finish with an insult.

"It was pretty good, and the one that followed was even better. What was it called again?" Brian's strategy for arguing also always followed a pattern. He would ignore Jason's insults and act as though everyone had agreed with him in the first place. This was what made Brian-Jason battles so interesting; Brian's nonchalant belief that people were agreeing with him no matter what they said always set Jason off.

"Maladroit." I said it quickly and quietly so as to speed the conflict along, without becoming entangled in it.

"It was also terrible, but I can still listen to it if I'm forced to." Jason's response was out of his pattern, which could signal only one thing: Jason was at boiling point. "The Green Album was the Phantom Menace of music. I waited years for it to come out, and, not only did it not live up to the hype, it was ridiculously bad. Crap songs like Hash Pipe were just like Jar Jar Binks. Maladroit, on the other hand, was Attack of the Clones; better in that it's watchable, and they cut down the Jar Jar, but by no stretch of the imagination was it good."

He sounded furious. It was that quality about him that made me respect Jason. Regardless of his ability to start a party from nothing, I always found his passion for certain facets of his life remarkable. Music was a passion of his, and nothing anyone could say would change his views. At any moment I expected that steam would start pouring out of his ears, and the scowl on his face shot a menacing look in Brian's direction.

"Yeah, Jar Jar was good," came Brian's reply. It was then that I finally became a part of the conversation, bursting into uncontrollable fits of laughter. Before Jason could say anything more, we all had to pull out our metro-passes and enter the subway station.

It was a short subway ride and an even shorter walk to our destination. Once inside, I shot Jason a cigarette and the two of us lit up over a couple of pint glasses. Brian didn't like the smell of the smoke. But I watched him down two pints in the span of about ten minutes and after that he stopped caring so much.

We watched as a disheveled, black-haired guy got up in front of everyone with a guitar. He put his mouth to a microphone stand and his shaky voice echoed out across the wood paneled room.

"How's everyone doing tonight?"; some girls closer to him started cheering exuberantly. My hand moved up to my lips and I took another drag.

"What songs do people wanna hear?" Again the girls started shouting at him to play a song I'd never heard of, and Brian began demanding Freebird. In the end, the singer only heard the girls, so Brian sat back down and drained another pint.

After he finished a few requests, the singer left and that area of the bar was opened for dancing. I hate dancing. It seems like the most ridiculous of all human behaviours. I just could never fathom how some people could find enjoyment in gyrating around like an idiot in front of others.

Brian got up and wandered over to dance near the same girls who had been calling out song requests. I stayed cemented to my seat. I wasn't drunk enough to consider dancing. Jason stood up, left and then returned with two more pints. "Liquid courage" he always called it. Still, I wasn't going to dance.

After finishing a few more drinks, I decided it was about time to leave. Brian continued to dance on the far side of the room, his blond locks of hair bouncing around, framing the drunken leer on his face. He looked incredibly happy, and I envied him for it. He could always find simple satisfaction in whatever situation he found himself. In the end, I think that's why he has remained my friend for so many years. Even in elementary school, he was always helping me to see the lighter side of things.

Finally, he wandered back over to the table. The smile on his face had started to fade, and he agreed with Jason and I that we should head home. We stood and pushed our way through the crowd towards the exit. The sounds of revelry disappeared behind us as we walked out into the still night air.

Brian suddenly felt sick and rushed into an alleyway. Jason followed him laughing hysterically. I just stood at the mouth of the alley with another cigarette between my fingers, chuckling softly at the sound of Brian retching his beer onto the asphalt. He soon returned, looking perfectly fine. He even smiled again, reassuring me that nothing could possibly remove his positive countenance. I flicked away the remainder of my cigarette and the three of us walked to the subway.

Once home, Brian and Jason felt themselves fading. I pulled out the extra mattress for Jason, while Brian curled up on the sofa. Soon the two of them had drifted away into sleep.

I walked back out onto the deck. Standing against the railing, I felt as if I was on the bow of a ship, sailing away from the city. Around me, the blackness of the night became a swallowing ocean, removing me from everything. I took out another cigarette. The pack was empty, so I tossed it over the railing. I even thought I could faintly hear it splash into the rolling waves below.

With a swift movement of my hand, I struck a match and took the first drag. I exhaled a large cloud of smoke that billowed up above me like a setting sail. I don't know how long I stood there, but eventually I felt the heat of the cigarette against my fingers. Before the cherry hit the filter, I took one final drag and then pitched the final ashes overboard.

It was nights like this that stuck with me. They weren't life-changing events, they didn't reaffirm my faith in the human spirit, and, in the morning, my life went back to exactly the way it had been. I was still going to smoke anytime I touched a beer; I would still drink too much, and I would still get unnecessarily philosophical when my thoughts went uninterrupted. Nothing was accomplished and no new great truth was uncovered. That was life. I couldn't define myself by the big things. I was made out of the unremarkable events that happened in between everything else.

I reached into my pocket for my cigarette pack, but found nothing. Then I remembered that only a few moments ago I had tossed it off my roof. Laughing quietly at my own stupidity, I went to bed.

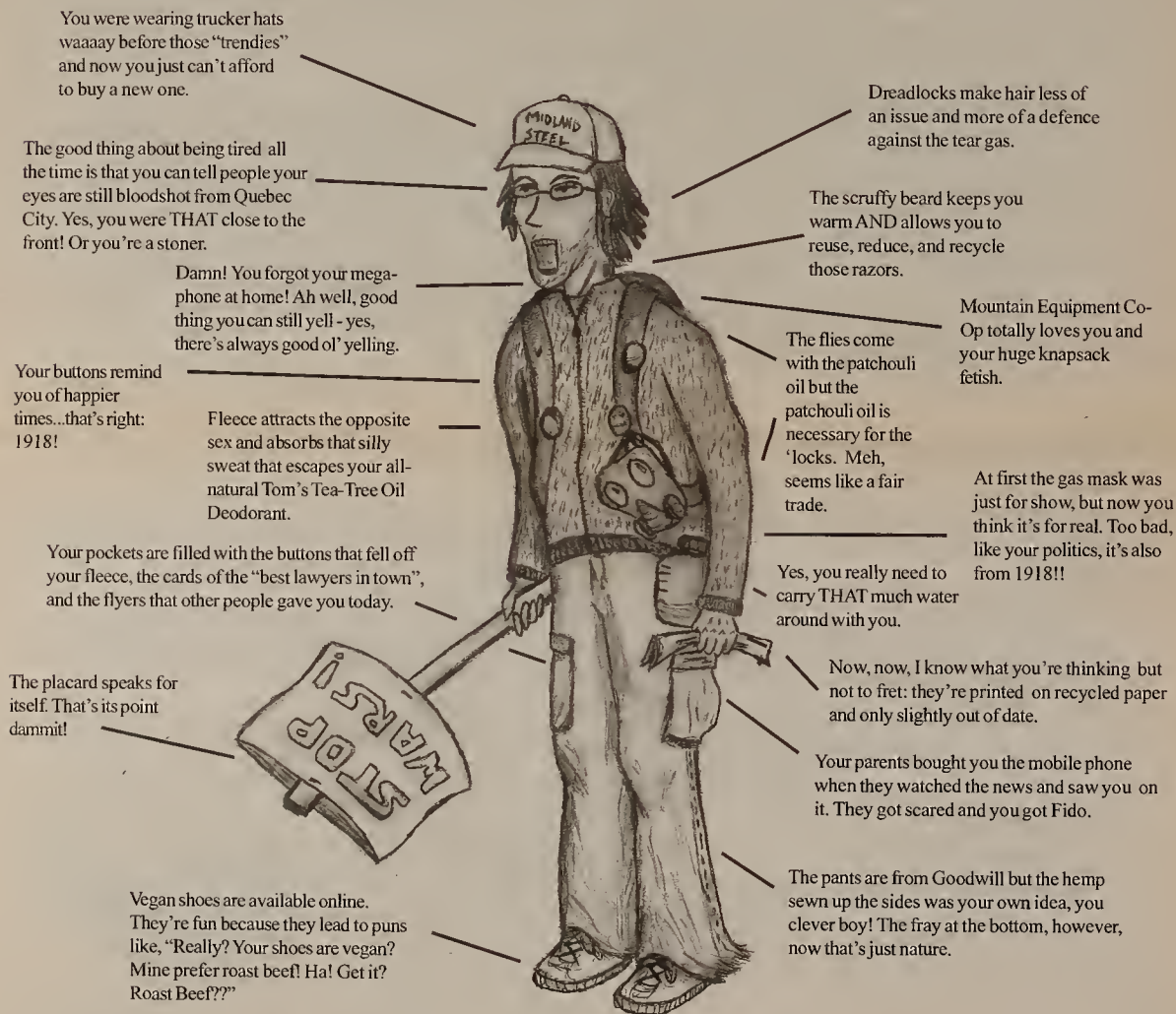


photo: *Alien Dream*- Emily Anne McLeod

ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

In our continuing segment, herewith presented and *ipso facto* featured, we focus in on those pesty, pesky protestors who try their darndest to "enlighten" the uncaring masses. You know the type: they run up and pepper you with flyers on the coming Bolshevik Revolution when all you wanna do is eat your McDonalds and walk past the American Embassy in peace. In case you don't know them, don't turn on your news, don't care about Greenpeace, OCAP, Amnesty International, or basically the world your children will inherit, How to Become is pleased to present...

"How to Become An....Anti-War Protestor"



ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

The Things We Say ... about movies

By Matthew Lau

We love passing judgments. There is nothing that makes us feel more sophisticated than being able to criticize. It matters little whether we actually know what we are criticizing about, so long as we are commenting, we feel like critics. So long as we are speaking, we feel like intellectuals. So long as we are talking, we feel like scholars.

And so we talk, and we talk, and we talk.

Not surprisingly, too, we blurt out many inane things. Here is Matthew's take on the 5 most commonly uttered, yet pompously purposeless, things we say about movies:

5. "Yeah, but *Star Wars* is better"

Believe me, I have heard this line uttered in discussions about movies ranging from *The Matrix* to *Scooby-Doo* (why I was engaged in a debate regarding *Scooby-Doo*, however, is not your concern). Somehow crazy fan boys always find it invigorating to assert that their object of obsession is superior whenever the dialogue is remotely related to cinematic productions. Why? Why must we always make aimless comparisons between movies?

Besides, since it's unlikely that any of us is a film expert, what exactly do you mean when you say *Star Wars* is better, other than the fact that you liked it more? At best, it only tells us what we probably already know: that you are a crazy fan boy. At worst, it can tell us something else: that you are a shallow, conversation-killing crazy fan boy.

4. "The plot doesn't make sense"

It is understandable if people complain about the storyline in a plot-driven, contemplative drama. But we don't. Instead, we pick at the latest summer blockbuster action movies, and consider ourselves victorious when we discover the slightest inconsistency, which, needless to say, does not require too much effort. We then announce our latest findings with all our might, hoping for that nice little pat on our back.

Let you in on a little secret: sometimes, making sense just isn't on a director's agenda. I mean, let us be realistic here: when you walk into a movie with a 100-million dollar budget, with enough explosives to re-stage World War II and with more scantily-clad women than a *Playboy* swimsuit special, are you honestly hoping to be fascinated by the complexity of the plot?

Didn't think so.

If you are as concerned about remarkable storylines as you present yourself to be, do what others like you do: try a film festival instead.

3. "The first one is better"

Again, why do we always find it necessary to compare movies with their predecessors? We all have this tendency, though it's quite an absurd one indeed. Most of the time, when we claim that the first one is better, what we are really saying is 1. We liked the first movie; 2. We were hoping to find the sequel just like the first one; and 3. Surprise, the sequel isn't just like the first one. Why can't we judge a movie on its own terms, instead of having to adopt arbitrary, meaningless expectations that are rarely fulfilled anyway? For instance, we all know that *Die Hard* was great, believe me. But must we go on and on about it whenever its sequels are mentioned in a discussion? Besides, the movie was from the 80's. Time has passed. Things have changed. So, have a coke and a smile, and let us move on!

On the other hand, if you desperately insist on living in the past, you are always welcome to review the movie again, and again, on your own time. Meanwhile, please be so kind as to spare us of your grand theatrical insights. It would be greatly appreciated.

2. "This is stupid. It's so unrealistic"

Perhaps I am totally off base here, but isn't this precisely what we are looking for in a movie? Its unrealistic nature? When I pay \$13 to watch a movie, I don't want the people to act like myself or the people around me. I don't want things to go the way they do out here. I get enough reality from living already; I am looking for a break. I want people to fly. I want them to go through walls. I want them to fall into everlasting love spontaneously. I want them to stop bullets. I want them to float while fighting with kung-fu, then fly through walls and fall into

everlasting love. If I really wanted reality, where the underdog—like myself—gets hopelessly beaten up, where walls aren't merciful, where people get shot and don't recover, and where things never work out, I could have stayed home and watched the news instead. There are plenty of realistic stories in the news.

It would save me the 13 dollars, too.

And of course, the most notorious of it all...

1. "Have you read the book? The book is better"

Talk to any Tolkien fan about movies of The Lord of the Rings trilogy, and you will see what I mean: "Have you read the books? The books are much better."

"Have you read the books? There is this part that the movie skipped. I can't believe it."

"Have you read the books? I can't believe you haven't read the books. Go read the books."

Can't we have a normal conversation about movies without having you mention your distinct abilities to read paperback novels? Don't get me wrong, this is no reflection on the books themselves. They may well be better than their cinematic counterparts. The truth is, however, if we had wanted to read the books, we probably would have done so already. We have our library cards for that, and we haven't asked to be reminded of our literacy.

Meanwhile, it is an easy choice for most of us: reading a book could take an entire week, compared to a movie's two hours. Life is short. Who has the time?

S.E.C. PRESENTS

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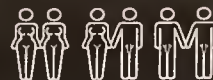
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ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

Twentynine Palms

reviewed by David Humphreys

"I think it's supposed to be an art film," a character comments midway through Bruno Dumont's *Twentynine Palms* as he tries to interpret a series of blurry and indecipherable images on his motel TV. This clever bit of self-refer-

encing was definitely the comedic high-point of the film. The only other instance in which the audience broke into laughter occurred during one of the film's many semi-pornographic interludes in which the male lead makes excessive, animal-like grunting noises while receiving oral stimulation. These two isolated bits of hilarity, however, were not enough to win the audience over. By the time the film ended, a loud chorus of boos echoed through the theatre. This open display of hostility made the post-screening Q&A with Dumont unusually tense and slightly awkward. A festival volunteer began by asking Dumont why he chose to shoot the film in California rather than France while everyone else in the theatre wondered why he chose to make one of the most brutal and depraved films in the history of cinema rather than something tolerable. With the help of a translator, Dumont managed to acquit himself well. For example, the sinister-looking man who was nervously pacing up and down the front aisle did not reach into his duffle bag and fire a pistol at Dumont about the ferocious sexual attraction they have for each other. As a result, the film contains graphic sexual encounter after graphic sexual encounter. These prolonged segments are either punctuated by scenes of the couple arguing in the desert or scenes of the couple arguing in a decrepit motel room. The film continues like this for over an hour and a half until it suddenly erupts in a display of the most brutal violence to be shown in a motion picture since *Irreversible*.

While the violence is shocking, it is not unexpected. From the very first frame, Dumont manages to create an ominous atmosphere which gradually becomes more and more pronounced as the film progresses. The rattling of the dashboard, the crunch of the tires over the sand, the endless shots of rock and sky, and the incessant crying and panting on the soundtrack all combine to create an eerie impression of the primordial. Anyone with moderately good hearing knows that something terrible is going to happen. Dumont conveys this sense of mounting dread through his *mise-en-scene* as well: the widescreen frame is used to isolate his two protagonists against the barren landscape to such an extent that it becomes absolutely shocking when a third party enters the frame. When a group of screaming children dive into the motel pool and inter-

rupt the couple's swim, it seems as though their territory has been invaded. The scene is handled so masterfully that the most mundane action imaginable actually managed to provoke gasps from the audience. The sense of territoriality is

important because Dumont constantly draws comparisons between his characters and animals. The most extreme example of this occurs during a scene where Katia crouches by the side of the road and runs away whenever a set of headlights approaches. The sense of the primal gradually becomes so strong that the grotesque violence at the film's climax seems entirely natural.

What is most remarkable about the film is that it achieves a level of stylistic sparseness rarely found in modern cinema. Even for a European art film, the duration of each shot is quite long - a typical shot usually lasting in the one to two minute range. There is no music on the soundtrack, and large stretches pass by without any dialogue. The actors (David Wissak and Katia Golubeva) are fairly non-expressive. This seems to be a common characteristic in Dumont's work: when his *L'Humanité* won the best actor and actress awards at Cannes, some people were puzzled by the fact that they delivered their acceptance speeches with the same blank stare which they used throughout the film. Similarly, the acting in *Twentynine Palms* - as well as every other aspect of cinematic practice - is pared down to its essence. There is no virtuosic camerawork here, no unnecessary flashiness. The film is stripped absolutely

bare and is completely devoid of artifice. What remains is a minimalistic purity which verges on the poetic.

With *Twentynine Palms*, Dumont has managed to make a delightfully bleak film. His outlook on humanity is so dismal that he could have pitched his script as a sequel to *Full Metal Jacket*. Whereas Kubrick's film portrayed men who were systematically conditioned to become sophisticated killing-machines, the characters in *Twentynine Palms* quickly devolve from horny ciphers to wounded, bloodthirsty animals. There may be a few major differences in terms of time period and location, but there seems to be a logical continuity between the two films.

Watching *Twentynine Palms* is an experience which will likely leave a psychological scar on all those who see it. Many will no doubt resent being scared, but for some the rewards will outweigh the wounds.



Photo by Jeff Vespa - © WireImage.com

Herald General Meeting

NOVEMBER 10, 2003

Consider this your invitation.

We'll be meeting in room 310 at Innis College at 4pm to discuss the future of your favourite campus paper...Free food will also be in attendance.

...photo by gillian cerbu



ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

Give it Up For Sensitivity

Moving Away From the Pulsebeat takes a ride on the tender side to see Yo La Tengo, October 3, 2003

By Vanessa Meadu

Yo La Tengo are your cool aunts and uncles – the ones who played you Velvet Underground records when you were eight and let you eat salad with your fingers. It's hard not to admire them for everything that they've done and continue to do in the underground music scene. For a band who has been around forever, who's been fussed over by critics and fans alike, they're decidedly uncool and mild-mannered when it comes to performing and interacting with the audience. Their live show, more art-school than rock and roll, is the perfect outlet for their abundant creativity and improvisation. And yet their songs are so very simple.

The Ryerson Theatre was a wonderful and intimate venue, allowing the audience to rest comfortably on their bums and relinquish their senses to the music. The show began to gain momentum a few songs in, with the song "Little Eyes", off their most recent album, *Summer Sun*. The driving energy of the song contrasted with the relaxed and soft vocals of Ira Kaplan, while Georgia Hubley and James McNew (drummer and bassist) provided sweet barely-there background harmonies. The three band members worked together in perfect unity, playing off and complementing each other. Versatile in their roles and talents, it wasn't unusual to see all three of them playing drums at once.

One of the highlights of the show was their performance of "Nothing but You & Me", also off *Summer Sun*. Ira was joined upfront by Georgia and James who ditched their instruments to sing over an entirely pre-recorded track. While Ira played the wronged lounge singer, Georgia and James spiced up their backup vocals with some faithful doo-wop girl dance moves.

The evening was later taken to epic lengths with a sound collage of their own *Big Day Coming* with the Beach Boys' "Little Honda". Nothing quite describes the intensity of sound that these three small people produced that night. A melting pot of guitar noodling, percussion frenzy and keyboard whelps completely transformed the songs, as well as the vibes in the air. They followed up with the

zany *Nuclear War*, originally by Sun-Ra, further revolutionized by Yo La Tengo.

The normally cute and uptempo "You Can Have It All" was rendered avant-garde, by syncopated and slightly off-key performance. The show finished off with Jackson Browne's "Somebody's Baby", a joint and awesome effort with opening band, The Aislars Set. On Ira's instructions, the musicians essentially made as much noise as possible, but the song still emerged in true, sensitive YLT style. The crowd was loving it and, as was made clear throughout the show, so was the band.



Yo La Tengo: Aunties and Uncles

Matthew Salacuse © 2003

Recently Reviewed by Frantastico

FROM THE ASHES - Pennywise

I saw Pennywise on "Jimmy Kimmel Live" a few weeks ago, but I haven't heard any new music from them since about 1997. The song that they played on Kimmel was definitely Pennywise-ish, i.e. skatepunk with a little melody and energy and it struck me as nothing special. What did stand out, however, was how old the dudes are looking these days, which can maybe explain their newest release. From the Ashes sounds like a tired, slow old version of Pennywise's previous albums. The subject matter of the songs is the same as well; a little personal, with a little political. At least it can't be said that they lack consistency. The sound is what you know and expect from them. The CD comes with a DVD containing accounts from the band members concerning the making of the album. The DVD contains your standard interviews, concert and other extra footage, the highlight being the part where the guitarist pukes on some guy. Don't get me wrong, the music doesn't suck; it's pretty good. If you have never heard Pennywise before, you'll probably like the CD. If you know Pennywise, don't expect to hear anything new or to be blown away; you've heard all these songs before.

ORYX AND CRAKE - Margaret Atwood

Oryx and Crake is Margaret Atwood's seventeenth novel and is one quite amazing piece of sci-fi/speculative fiction. She has not written this type of book since 1985 with *The Handmaid's Tale*. Oryx and Crake is a somewhat less political but no less frightening piece of speculative fiction. Set in a not too distant future, the novel tells the story of Snowman, a lone man surviving in a world that was wiped out by a biologically engineered disease. While trying to stay alive in a world gone mad, Snowman reflects back on the events that led to the disaster while taking care of and teaching the recipients of the new world, The Crakers. Margaret Atwood is already a very well established author, and she does not disappoint here. The story is brilliantly woven and the language is witty and intelligent. The book may be speculating on the future, but the world described is frighteningly familiar. Genetically modified foods and animals, overpopulation and proliferation of disease are just some of the situations that arise in Oryx and Crake. As these things advance in our own time, their relevance and results are relevant to us. By writing one hell of an enjoyable read and treating subject matter that could soon become concerns to us, Margaret Atwood has written a book that stimulates the mind, but also makes you think twice about how far the human race can go before it all blows up in our faces.

ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

The Nature of Maturity, or When Punks Grow Up

Punk and emo are cousins but they're no blood brothers. And divisions will always exist in the ranks of punk kids.

By Steffi Daft

The punks like to scream, thrash around and jump about to a story of rage, politics and, more mundanely and prevalently these days, sex. The emo kids do much of the same, and cover many of the same topics, but they sing about it more quietly, more heartbreakingly, maybe even more emotionally. It is as though punks are the Peter Pans of the music scene: still exercising their primal right to yell

while refusing to move much beyond the Golden Age of the Clash, New York Dolls, and the Stooges. Emo kids, on the other hand, have moved so far beyond this immature Self they are almost post-modern in their constant gazing into the musical looking glass. This is, of course, a brash generalization that I am sure no less than half the people who are reading my article will surely take offence to; however, for purposes herein, let's go along with this query and see where it takes us.

Jets to Brazil are a typical emo band. Their album titles make explicit use of the words, "loneliness" and "starry"; their lead singer, Blake Schutzenbach, has shaggy hair, black t-shirts, and a huge friggin' broken heart; and select members were once in the fabled emo-godfather, Jawbreaker.

Hell, they even play the cello on the new album, *Perfecting Loneliness*. Easy to dismiss right? Wrong. You know the saying, "Every family is depressed but each in their own way?" The same is true of emo bands. Yes, Jets' mundane fade out/vocals up combinations are tiring. Yes, anyone who moves to New York City to become a writer is automatically suspect for overly romantic tendencies. And yes, their albums are designed to make even the toughest skinhead cry but no one short of, say the Get-Up Kids, Moneen or Taking Back Sunday are doing the old shtick quite as well as Jets.

At a recent Toronto gig, the boys from Jets were obviously tired and subversively energetic. They shuffled onto the stage, set up their gear, and introduced themselves as "Jets to Brazil from New York." Their onstage banter was weak but Blake was very self-deprecating and emo kids love nothing more than self-deprecation. The crowd soon warmed up as Blake switched between electric and acoustic guitar, piano, and computer-generated music effects. With their recent *Jade Tree* release receiving only lukewarm reviews, Jets wisely sampled freely from their entire catalogue. Although the songs soon blended together into one continuous emo overture, the amount of heartfelt sentiment infused into each sequence was enough to make any punk worth his black stars blush. And that's where the difference lies: punks would rather push and shove their friends when emo kids hug. Punks cannot stand still and so must dance around while emo kids are more inward-looking and are happy enough to bob their heads slightly and perhaps tap a foot. Punks wear clothes that express their anger where emo kids represent their vinyl collections on their shirts. In the end, however, we all want to rock, some more maturely and subtly than others. Jets are the perfect emo band because they're a representation of the internal synaptic response that goes on inside every punk when they collide with maturity.



Party Monster

By Erin Rodgers, CINSSU

The problem with films about musical trends and the figures around them is put simply, they tend to be bad. Not that over-the-top laughably bad that allows you to take a kind of perverse pleasure in being able to quote them sitting around the coffee shop with your equally B-movie savvy friends. Instead it is the kind of "almost there" bad of a movie that had potential but for some reason didn't quite gel.

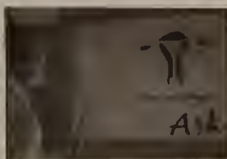
Not all of MTFAT films fall into this category. A few notable exceptions such as the recent *24 Hour Party People* and the documentary film *The Filth and the Fury* are absolutely brilliant, and a few, such as *The Great Rock and Roll Swindle* are such absolute crap they threaten to destroy any interest you have had in that particular genre.

Party Monster is a film that is hard to pin down into the good, bad, or middle category. It has some amusing moments and even in a room of critics who gleefully swapped stories about "ripping a film a new a-hole" there were several instances of genuine laughter. The film also has great style, is visually interesting, and like main character Michael Alig, the club promoter/brutal murderer whose rise to great heights and subsequent fall into drug addic-

tion and, well, murder, the film has a certain straight-ahead charm and seductive power.

Unfortunately, the film tends to be pulled down by the many cute little stylistic tricks it uses. This teamed with the subjects love of costume and surfaces rather than real emotion leaves you with a pretty, and fun film but little else.

If you like glitzy glammy gay boys and their drug-addled adventures this is a film for you. If you are looking for real emotion and answers (or even attempts at answers) to a horrific crime (the murder and dismemberment of "celebrity drug dealer", club kid Angel) look elsewhere.



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ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

Death Cab For Cutie by Stephanie Silverman

with Nada Surf and the Long Winters at the Opera House in Toronto, October 16, 2003.

Surprisingly, this show was packed, but it was filled with yawning indie-kids. In fact, not since the heyday of Modest Mouse and Howie Beck have so many traveled from so far to quietly and musingly pack Toronto's Opera House for a concert. This crowd was utterly devoted, but it remains to this critic to question why they love Death Cab so very much. In fact, I had the opportunity to talk to one Newmarket fan who earnestly informed me that she was not into Death Cab for their music but simply because they're far from the mainstream. Confused, I questioned her on why she would listen to a band if she wasn't so much into their sound, but their image, and she still insisted that she was into them for the sole reason that they "aren't played on the radio." Now, without launching into a diatribe, this is one of the silliest reasons I have ever heard for getting into a band like Death Cab For Cutie because 1) their whole shtick is that they have no image so to like them for an apparently non-existent entity is irreconcilable, especially amongst the indie-rock set (and isn't a non-image even an image in itself?) and 2) there is, believe it or not, good music currently being played on the radio so her implication that music must NOT be played in order to be worthwhile is also nonsensical. Anyway, this girl and her strange musical ideology are part and parcel of the Death Cab phenomenon: While trying desperately to remain faithful to their independent, Seattle sound-based roots, Death Cab has nonetheless become some-

what of a ubiquitous "outsider" music icon and they simply don't know how to approach this newfound "fame."

perhaps resigned to their place in indie-rock land, and their sound has grown and matured as a result.



Opening for this band must have been quite a feat and so it made sense to choose Nada Surf. Hey, you remember Nada Surf, right? They had a single that was getting massive airplay for awhile (shhh don't tell our Newmarket friend!) back in 1996/97 called "Popular." Though their partial infamy may have been fleeting, their penchant for satiric lyrics seems to have remained strongly in place. For example, the lyrics, "My mom says I'm a catch/I'm popular/I'm never last picked/I got a cheerleader chick" are, of course, from "Popular" and the pleading "It's a lullaby" repeated over a drum beat and guitar picking is from the newer album. Nada Surf has become much mellower and peaceful,

Though the people present this fateful night in Toronto were undoubtedly there for Death Cab, it is notable that no fewer than five fans were all about the Surf. In fact, the earnest, curly-haired boy in the hoodie standing beside me not only knew all the words but was following along in some sort of trance not seen since Thursday rolled through town. Mostly, however, the crowd was merely gadding about, sleepily appraising each other, and politely listening to the harmonious band onstage.

After Nada and a sizeable pause while many instruments were set up, the much-anticipated Death Cab For Cutie took the stage and the crowd went modestly wild. The

intense couples grabbed each other furtively and started madly swaying together; the come-of-age indie adults noddingly sipped their beers, and the kids at the front mashed together in rapt attention. Mind you, the devotion displayed by those who had travelled from as far away as Detroit and Niagara was quite understandable and the others just felt the music very deeply. The band's set-up was quite typically "emo": the bassist/pianist closes his eyes and shakes, the guitarist's face looks pinched while he wails/whispers his lyrics, and the rhythm guitarist faces away from the crowd and sweats. However, the big difference between Death Cab and the rest of the gang sampling from the goblet of emo is that they do it quite well. In fact, all of those Death Cab-references and Death Cab-jokes are all grounded in the very real truth that these guys are both leaders and trend-setters in their niche of music. True, their penchant for the mid-song pause (is it really over? Nah!) wears a little thin but the overall package of this band is solid. Their set is tight, their lyrics are truthful, their beat is bold, and their earnestness is convincing. Yes, I did leave this concert early, but it was not because the yawning had become infectious; it was only because I remembered that some character on "The O.C." had given Death Cab a shout-out and the only thing that is worse than radio is, after all, a television mention - isn't it?

Backpacker Hip-Hop

by Ju Money
Atmosphere

Seven Travels
Epitaph

I was originally gonna write this review and bitch about how this cd's just another example of average backpacker hip-hop, but after a week or so it grew on me. I guess average backpacker hip-hop ain't *that* bad. This album needs more quality-and lushly-produced "def jukie"-type tracks, like "trying to find a balance," and sing-along catchy stuff like "the keys to life vs. 15 minutes of fame,"; however, most of the record is bad - and lushly-produced "def jukie"-type tracks and sing-along not-so-catchy stuff. The album's okay, but it's also definitely not the next shit.



Herald - February 1986

comics

IMPORTANT SAFETY INSTRUCTIONS

Some of the following information may not apply to your particular product; however, when using telephone equipment, basic safety precautions should always be followed to reduce the risk of fire, electric shock and injury to persons, including the following:

1. Read and understand all instructions.
2. Follow all warnings and instructions marked on the product.
3. Unplug this product from the wall outlet before cleaning. Do not use liquid cleaners or aerosol cleaners. Use a damp cloth for cleaning.
4. Telephones should not be used while you are in a bathtub, shower or pool. Immersion of the telephone or handset in water could cause an electrical shock.
5. Slots and openings in the cabinet back or bottom are provided for ventilation, to protect it from overheating. These openings must not be blocked or covered. The openings should never be blocked by placing the product on the bed, sofa, rug, or other similar surface. This product should not be placed in a built-in installation unless proper ventilation is provided.
6. This product should be operated only from the type of power source indicated on the marking label. If you are not sure of the type of power supply to your home, consult your dealer or local power company.
7. Do not allow anything to rest on the power cord. Do not locate this product where the cord will be abused by persons walking on it.
8. Do not overload wall outlets and extension cords as this can result in the risk of fire or electric shock.
9. Never push objects of any kind into this product through cabinet slots as they may touch dangerous voltage points or short out parts that could result in a risk of fire or electric shock. Never spill liquid of any kind on the product.
10. To reduce the risk of electric shock, do not disassemble this product, but take it to a qualified serviceman when service or repair work is required. Opening or removing covers may expose you to dangerous voltages or other risks. Incorrect reassembly can cause electric shock when the telephone equipment is subsequently used.
11. Do not expose the product to extreme temperatures such as areas near a hot radiator or stove or in a hot car.
12. Do not place lighted candles, cigarettes, cigars, etc., on the telephone.
13. Never touch uninsulated telephone wires or terminals unless the telephone line has been disconnected at the network interface.
14. Never install or modify telephone wiring during a lightning storm.
15. Never install telephone jacks in wet locations unless the jack is specifically designed for wet locations.
16. Use caution when installing or modifying telephone lines to prevent electrical shock and/or fire.

Corey's dreams of owning an answering machine/ashtray are crushed...

Stupid number twelve...



3 more panels by Jared Bryer



At least I'm not a push broom



When you litter, you support terrorism. Clean up your act!!



Technically I'm supposed to be happy